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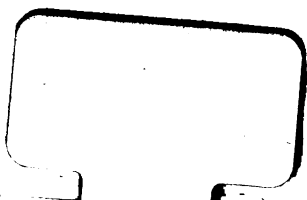
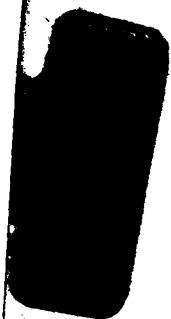
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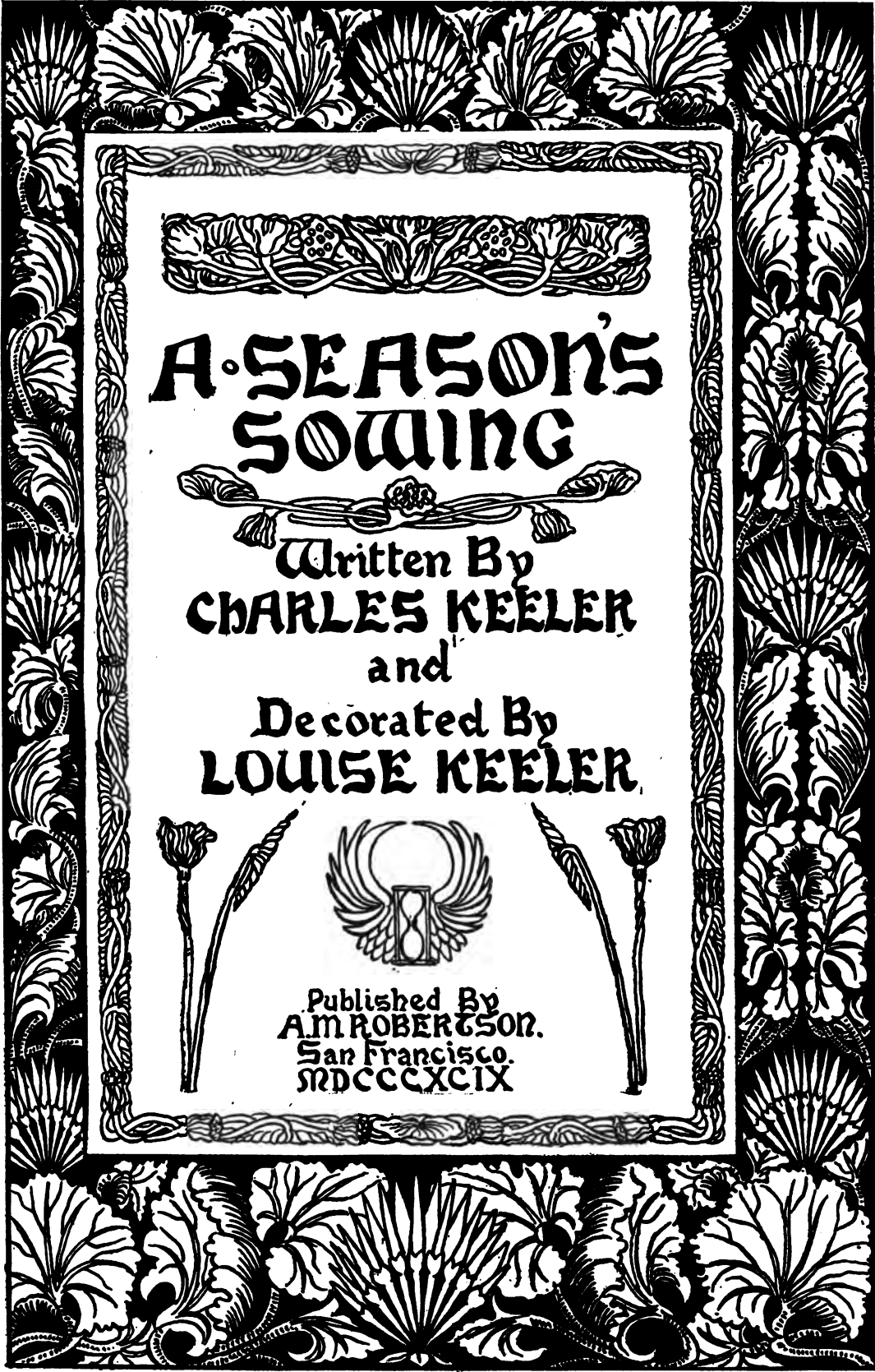
N.B.?

Keeler

A Season's Sowing.



 **A Season's Sowing.** 
Upon the cold drear earth men cast their seed,
When lo, it springs to life—a glorious breed!
Thus have I sown these thoughts for idle hours,
If part be weeds may some not grow to flowers?



A SEASON'S SOWING

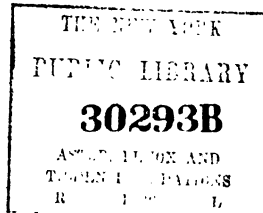


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and

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LOUISE KEELER



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by
H. M. Robertson.**



Education

Together have we toiled for
beauty's sake,
And all our labor has not been
in vain,
Since in our hearts this token
did awake:
Love's blessing falls on those
who share life's pain.







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RELATIVITY



Maid of morning, nymph of night,
Link your hands in pressure light;
What without the dark were day,
What without December, May.

1974



Gladsome Spirit

The light of peace was in her smile,
Her laughter thrilled like music's
power;
She passed adown life's stony way
And from each footprint sprang a
flower.



Wayside Gleanings

I gather flowers on moss-paved
woodland ways,
I roam with poets dead in tranced
amaze;
Soon must my wild-wood sheaf be
cast away,
But in my heart the poet's song
shall stay.



The Sky Weavers

The cloud-sheep's wool is sheared
for spinning,
And the good earth mother has
spun it in rain;
The golden strands of the sun
she's winning
To weave in a fabric of golden
grain.



he World Secret

A secret is guarded by each rose cell,
Seek it and study its meaning well;
It lies at the heart of the great
world plan
And tells of the making of earth
and man.



ove

A sibyl of unnumbered years is she;
A sphinx who calmly looks at des-
tiny;
forever young,—prophet of all
things true:
Men, monarchies and worlds can she
subdue.



tars of the Soul

I looked into a lens while stars
rolled by;
I looked into your eyes so like the
sky:
And in your eyes methought I saw
revealed
More worlds than swam in heav'n's
unending field.



imitations

He who can shape of cosmic mist
the spheres
And round a world in all its wonder dight,
Can fashion out of thought the dizzy years,
Hye, even he is slave to truth and right.



he Anthem of the Sea

O breezes blow me some soft melody
Upon the reed pipe by the western shore,
And let thy anthem low steal pleadingly
In great sea throbs of love forevermore.



he Joy of Nature

The pine trees wave their tops and shout for joy,
The great sea claps its snow white hands in glee,
And from the thunder cloud's dark lips roll free
Wild strains that glorify while flames destroy.



ransmutations

Each quiver of gnat wing goes
trembling afar
Impalpably winging from star
unto star;
Each thought once created for good
or for ill
Lives on its own part in the world
to fulfill.



he Master Man

The clock's the slave of father time,
The sun controls the season,
But man is master in his prime
And rules them all with reason.



he Song and the Echo

I dreamed that in my hand I held a
bird
Warbling in careless joy its wood-
land strain;
I wakened and the echo still I heard,
But O methought its murmur
breathed of pain.



ereditry

Blind power that chains me to the
wheel of fate,
Huge stone that crushes with its
cruel weight,
One weapon have I that can curb
thee still,
My own untrammelled, self con-
trolled will.



he Will to Do

'Twas might of will that made the
reptile fly;
'Twas love that changed it to a bird
of song;
O man, faint hearted, if thou wouldst
but try,
Thou, too, couldst mount and sing
on pinions strong.



onscience

In heaven there sits a judge in awful
state
Who in the book of doom writes
down my fate.
"O who art thou, stern judge?"
erstwhile I cried.
"Thy own immortal self," the
voice replied.



he Atoms

The atoms—blocks wherewith the
soul
Builds temples wrought of flesh
and flower,
Whence unto God deep strains
uproll
To praise the Master's gracious
power!



upremacy

There is a power that guides the
wind,
That holds the raging sea in awe,—
In heaven 'tis called the Master
Mind,
On earth the Universal Law.



he Making of Man

When thou wert made, O man, the
great stars sang
A paean of exultant hopes and fears;
Robed in the love of God thou didst
arise,
Battling thy way through earth's
wild sea of tears.



Light and Love

The mighty pillars of eternal day
Are light and love that steadfast
stand, sublime,
Dropping the heavens glorious in
array
Of blue, supreme above the trend of
time.



The Sphinx Life

The sting of the snake in the with-
ered grass,
The sweep of a storm from a sky
of brass,
The kiss of a mother upon her
dead,—
The riddle of life in death is read.



Of the Nineteenth Century

Ye mightiest age of ages, there
shall be
A paean as of victory when thou
To all thy triumphs addest this
decree:
Before the love eternal men shall
bow.



he People's Triumph

There is a wide-world melody that
sings
The triumph of the people, grown
to kings,—
The triumph of the good, the true,
the just:
In this, O man, put all thy life and
trust!



rogress

Could I but speak the great world
voice I hear,
I'd hie me from my vale to some
far height
And herald with my trumpet, loud
and clear,
Progress! but with love's clear
torch for light!



tranded Hopes

Like shipwrights do we launch on
ocean's way
Our thoughts, well freighted for the
voyage afar.
How few may waft to Europe or
Cathay—
Time's wreckage clings on many a
moaning bar!



Love Eternal

The rainbow melteth in its fair
array,
The rath rose fadeth with the pass-
ing day;
But long as time's wheel turns shall
last and grow
The love 'tween you and me in
tender glow.



Baby and Mother

Little one by your mother's side
I look and I wonder at her and at
you;
Years may roll in a sullen tide
But still you'll trust and she'll be
true.



Childhood's Mystery

I look into my baby's eyes;
What mystery is there concealed?
A little soul of beauty rare
With innocence for golden shield.



solitude

With thee, O solitude, let me abide
Some little span, and breathe thy
joyous air;
for I grow weary here where mor-
tals chide
And long to rest where all is pass-
ing fair.



o a Caged Canary

Sing through your prison bars, bird,
to the sun;
freedom by singing alone can be
won:
I, from my prison of flesh, strive
in vain
Thus by a song to be master of
pain.



ity

Dear heart have pity for all crea-
ture's pain,
Be merciful, be gentle, and forget
No sorrow save your own: thus
may you gain
Some word of love from eyes with
anguish wet.



he Crucible of Grief

When in the crucible of grief is
thrown
A human soul, with fate's white
flame below,
The Master watches silent and
alone
To see if gold be freed in midst of
woe.



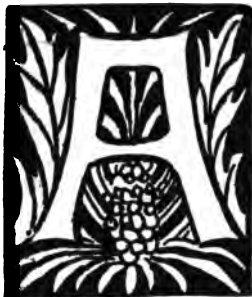
ontentment

A prophetess held forth the gift of
fate
To one who reached on high to take
the scroll.
He chose contentment. At the sibyl's
gate
A stranger passing heard a death
knell toll.



he Eternal

The herb of the field may wither and
the flower be but dust in a day,
But the seed that is sown in summer
shall quicken next May;
And the heart of the man weary
may rest from its pain in peace,
But the love it has long engendered
shall live and increase.



Portrait

Hair of the harvest field, eye of the
ocean's hue,
Thoughtful and calm the brow,
tender the lips, and true;
Peaceful the poise of head, loving
the smile of grace,
Lofty the spirit that shows through
the gentle face.



Spring flowers

Cups of blue and stars of gold
Reach above the April sward;
Earth in vain may seek to hold
Spirits who would greet their Lord.



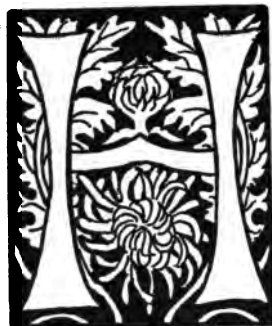
In the Springtime

The lizard has crawled from the
darkness to bask in the sun,
The snakes, in their raiment of gold,
glide abroad, one by one;
The birds in the branches above are
with gladness inspired,
fair earth with the glory of heaven,
sublimely is fired.



he Chant of Love

In dead night silence still I hear
The clash of deeds throughout the
sphere;
But over all, beneath, above,
The all-enfolding chant of love.



arpocrates

Think you Harpocrates, with finger
pressed
forever on sealed lips, shaped not
one strain
Within his brooding soul, to love
addressed,
That vexed his spirit with its tones
in vain?



he Thrush's Song

The earth wheels into night, and
clear
The thrushes liquid voice I hear:
It tells of longing love and peace;
It bids day care and toil to cease.



he Dying Year

The waning year heaves, faltering,
to its rest,
But from its dead self springs the
glad new year.
O phoenix time, thou risest to attest
What promise waits the soul when
death is near.



nfinite Yearnings

Is 't not enough the sun shines half
the year?
Is 't not enough if some one tried
and dear
Look in your eyes with quick soul
thrilling fire?
Enough? Thou wouldst but mock
my vain desire!



Story

You touched the faded flower I
hold,
And vanished mid the mist of
years.
I sit alone by my hearthstone cold
While you are smiling through
bitter tears.



Fame

The fame men seek is but a petty
thing,
A bird soon captured, sooner taking
wing;
And he who would be great in
time's behest
Must live on earth but as a passing
guest.



Imperfection

Man doth not carve of life a flaw-
less gem,
Nor God crown death with radiant
diadem;
But slowly, year by year and age
by age,
Life grows to claim its matchless
heritage.



The Robe of Life

Man art thou? rather God I say
Who in time's loom can weave
alone
Of spirit threads the cloth of day
And make life's robe your own.



Illusions

I'll sing you a song of a tabby
cat:—
All day long by the stove she sat;
The fire was out but it kept her
warm,
Thus oft are men contented by
form.



o a Moth

When thy sleep is over, when thy
wings are grown,
Thou silent rover in the still night,
lone,
Then is the world of darkness all
thine own,
To wind thee unto death, ere night
has flown.



he Crab Type

There are some men who, when ap-
proached by friend,
Instead of hand-clasp, crab's strong
claws extend;
Who face you, but to walk away in
fear
Until in slimy pools they disap-
pear.



he Greed for Gold

A man on the desert was mining
for gold,
His tongue was swollen with bitter
thirst,
When his shaft was filled by a
streamlet cold
And he drank with a will while his
luck he cursed.



Passing Train

A monster of metal, a quiver of
steel,
A thunder onrushing, a shrieking
of steam!
The power, the fury of wheel after
wheel!
The madness of science! — a smoke-
cloud, a dream!



he World Out of Tune

A fly at a concert sang buzz in
B flat,
While the orchestra played in A
minor.
Said the fly, it is clear, for the
matter of that,
These men need to train their ears
finer.



hange

Beauty to-day,
Dust to-morrow,—
Will nothing stay
Save sorrow?



he Eternal

Who says sorrow?—
Haste then, and borrow
from heaven's pure hue
Th' eternal blue!



eo Juvante

fight for right!
Toil! be true!
God in might
Watches you!



About us lie the realms of beauty free
To all who will but look abroad and see.





he Heart a Reed

The heart is but a reed till love and
hope
Expand it to an organ's might and
scope.



ife Reckoning

Count not thy life in length of trav-
ersed years
But in the fulness of thy joys and
tears.



ruth

Truth, like a changeless sun, burns ever
clear,
But men are blinded when they gaze too
near.



xperience

In life's cobweb one never makes sure
till he tries
Which men are the spiders and which
ones the flies.



oth and Candle

I would that all mischief were packed
in thy frame
Little moth as thou wingest to death in
the flame.



and Sharks

fish bite at bait of their own kind.
Alas that men so base we find!



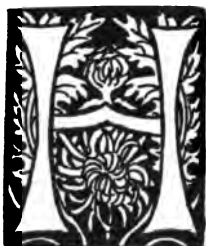
Weep for the Living

Weep for the living, not for the dead.
'Tis we who hunger while they are fed.



Life's Round

Sunlight and shadow and night with its
peace—
Laughter and weeping till death bid us
cease.



Hope and Despair

Hope, like the flame that feeds on air,
Soon falls in ashes of despair.



The Song of freedom

A bird at dawn sings as a silver flute;
We capture it, entranced, when lo, 'tis
mute!



The Major Chord

Sing life's song in a major strain,
Then will you not have lived in vain.



The Mission of Song

Song lifts us from the tranquil sphere
of earth—
Showing the spirit its transcendent
worth.



Doubt and faith

Doubt kills the spirit when pursued
too long,
But faith is deadly when its trust is
wrong.



Pain

He cannot quite remove the earthy
stain,
Whose life has not been purified by
pain.



Service

He who would rightly serve his fellow
men
Must with right service to himself
begin.



Shadow and Light

Sin, the soul's shadow and love the
Lord's light,
As the man stands unveiled in his Mas-
ter's full sight.



Thrice Crowed the Cock

Thrice crowed the cock and thrice was
Christ denied,
But truth cannot be hid tho' men deride.



The Soul of Man

The soul of man is like the boisterous
sea,
With deeps as calm as is eternity.



Conceit

"Had I such gay plumes as the gobbler I know,"
Clucked the hen, "they would not be
forever on show."



Hypocrisy

Men serve you sawdust when you ask
for bread.
You eat it and avow you're amply fed!



Time's Lottery

Shake the dice, father Time, in the
dice box night,
And we'll count our luck by the sun's
first light.



Limits of Vision

The hawk, as he soars through the
boundless blue,
Sees only the mouse in his earth-wide
view.



Laugh and Toil

Laugh you may and work you must
Or the wheels of the brain will be
clogged with rust.



Character

Character seems like a stocking of
wool,
Knitted so closely, undone by a pull.



eed Sowing

Not for the sake of fathers dead alone
But for the race to come must seed be
sown.



ourage

Courage—the will to do aright that
trifling thing,
Which little thanks and much reproach
may bring!



he Present

In life one moment is for you and me,
The present, which we ever seek to flee.



an's Talisman

Birds sing for love, for meat are lions
bold,
'Tis man alone who sings and fights
for gold.



reedom

Cried the steam as it burst from an
engine in glee,
"I move the world when I strive to be
free!"



astery

The ship on the sea or the gull in the air,
Which one is the master, vain man? de-
clare!



he Oversoul

Man sees whatever he wishes to find
for all lies hid in his boundless mind.



ate

My cloak may serve to stay keen win-
ter's tooth,
But not the bitter fangs of hate, for-
sooth.



ook to the Stars

He who grows dizzy on a narrow
height
Had better keep the stars in constant
sight.



he Martyr

Above earth's pain his eyes are bent,
He suffers for his faith, content.



he Hero

Self lost in glorious enterprise,
He scorns all fear and death defies.



he Prophet

He sees beyond the veiled to-day
The spirit that inspires the clay.



aspire

Age of steam and the wizard fire,
The spirit calls; ascend! aspire!



he City

I hear the hum and throb of city streets.
Is this a living heart or vast machine
that beats?



ush the Button

Electric forces control the day;
Beware lest they spirit your heart
away!



One Point of View

Mothers have babies and babies have
dollies,
While men have mostly their hobbies
and follies.



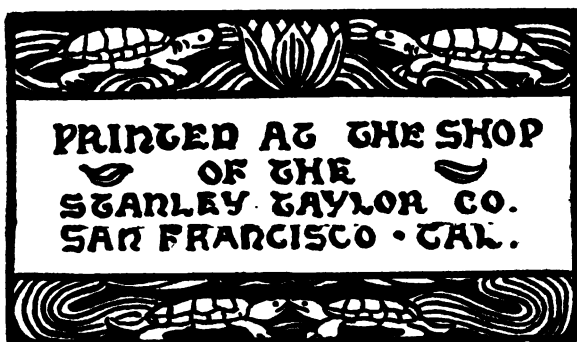
Patience and Anger

Not every ill of flesh can patience cure,
But anger only makes the ill more sure.



Comradeship

A joy stole into a heart of stone;
A man awoke and was not alone.



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